"They sneaked in the currency on Rustle hundred, two hundred and five dred dollar lots, you'll recall, instead doing the finger betting thing, as usual, d that's why the layers who got singed dn't wake up to it that Rustle was the ne until the Cella sifters stood to tear off sthing like \$30,000.

"Their switch to the cash way of bettin s an old turnover, and Pittsburg Phil ented it, as he irrvented most of the igey kinks for the baffling of the price The first time he ever played the ot ooin way for the hig money was when got Lord Turco over, and that was the aviest haulin he ever made at it.

"All of his bets had been made on the d, so that when a whole slew of fellows with unfamiliar faces sashayed up and own the main line tamping in the spot allows on Lord Turco-there was as good s 20 to 1 at the beginning-we all took that it was merely one of those mush ddled paddock tips and looked upon the bales of Turco money as straight out, peranent linings for the satchels, for the rse had been running like a two horned rhino through thorn jungle, and nobody on the stool row had a chance to figure him a being in the picture.

"Some of the layers got wise to it just ittle bit before the race and rubbed Turco o nothing, but it was too late. The tide of strange looking money had muddled us utterly, and Phil's pulloff wasn't a pistole short of \$90,000, for the Turco thing finished

"Phil wasn't a repeater on his scheme ithout big intervals between them, and he didn't try the cash way again until John Madden's Aristocracy won the big twoyear-old race at Saratoga. He put it over again that time, getting as high as 30 to 1 against the Madden trick with his unfamiliar looking spot kale, and he picked up bale of it that time too.

"The layers had no possible way of don ing out Phil's constant switches in his style of ring generalship, and that, of course, is why he went on, year after year, leaving the barbs in them, and why, when he made his final cashin, he had pretty nigh \$2,000,000 of the ring money. His handling of his commissioners in itself was perfect work. He'd change his betting crews constantly, and the bookies never had a chance to be come really familiar with their maps.

"For instance, the book runners would pipe Phil standing off in a secluded part of the lawn, surrounded by ten or a dozen of the commissioners who had done his bet-ting the day before. The outside men would get the faces of the fellows standing would get the faces of the fellows standing around Phil firmly printed in their minds' eyes, and then they'd stand right alongside the layers for whom they worked, waiting for those fellows to come up.

"Well, they wouldn't come along. Their standing on the lawn talking with Phil would be only a blind to fool the outside men. An entirely different crew of Phil's continuisticners would swoon into the ring.

that day and get down his money.

There wasn't anything about the game

that he wasn't about four jumps ahead from first to last, and that's why he stuck to the finish. It used to be said that Phil took worse than even money, and e usually demanded 2 to 1 or better but as a matter of truth he'd take anything that was offered in a price making operathat was offered in a price making opera-tion, and it was an odd day when he didn't things so that he managed to get was right. He'd go to any amount of trouble to tose the leyers off the scent.

"One midnight during the spring meeting at Gravesend the on guard railbirds, on

the Gravesend the on guard railbirds, on the lookout for night works, caught sight of full gliding through the paddock gate, all numed up in a heavy overcoat, for the weather was raw, and a man with the poor st of lungs Phil was fixed out with didn't appear to have much business fiz-gigging around in that sort of night weather unless there was something big on hand. This, of course, was the natural enough view of it has the watchful railbirds took of Phil's at the watchful railbirds took of Phil's

Phil was met not far from the paddock gate by a trainer who seemed to be on the lookout for him, and the two strolled over in the black dark to the stable where the trainer's string had their boxes. Presently the lanterns around that stable began to glow, and an untried two-year-old that was parded to go in an important stake race the

ext day was led out A bunch of stable hands with lanterns dis tributed themselves around the track, and the two-year-old was saddled and an exer-cise boy was put up on his back. Phil and the trainer of the two-year-old walked into the infield near the stand, and there was a nd at the five fulrong starting post

time the start.

"Phil and the trainer, watches in hand, sited for the two-year-old to dash down to be finish line—the railbirds all the time flitound in the background and keeping under cover so as not to let Phil in on t that the work was being watched. The we-year-old pranced down to the finish ull tilt, and Phil and the trainer caught the

"After a few minutes the man who had taken the starting time came up and the three compared their time notes.

"One-one for five furlongs," said Phil to the trainer. "That'll do it—with that 125 pound exercise boy up it's a fine work. It'll do. I'll go to it," and then he quit the paddock and walked through the paddock.

trainer and walked through the paddock rate to the automobile that was waiting for him. The railbirds put the top price makers next to the story of Phil's visit to the track and of how the identified two-year-old trick had been sent the five furlong route in 101 with a lummox of an exercise boy up, and when the chalk went up on that race the two-year-old that had got the midnight work under Phil's eye was the 1 to 2 favorite. Nobody could understand it, for there were two or three tried cracks in the field and none of the previously reported works of the 1 to 2 trick had been in the least sensational.

or the t to 2 trick had been in the least sensational.

"The chalk folks stood by and waited for the Phil coin to sweep along, meanwhile careleasly laying the nice figures against the other tried good two-year-olds in the race. They waited for a long time for the Phil money, but it never showed up.

"An entirely new lot of Phil's commissioners, though, took the first price offered—
3 to 1—against one of the other good ones in the race, and by the time the layers were thinking it funny that the Phil money wasn't showing they had enough of the other one's money on their sheets to make Phil's midnight visit to the track worth close to a hundred thousand to him.

These successes on the part of Pittsburg Phil finally got the bookles' nerves and thereby made it a whole lot easier for him. During his best years, before the sickness took hold of him that broke down his activity, it became only necessary for Phil to

scok hold of him that broke down his activity, it became only necessary for Phil to be looking a horse over carefully in the addock before 2 race for the books to our up in their figures against that one and to all but hold it out altogether.

A paddock runner would come hustling into the ring with the news that Phil and a bunch of his people were lined up in the paddock around one of the horses cartled to go in the race, and the often stung layers would be pretty likely to hop to the conclusion that that was the one that was going to run for Phil—and when they reached that conclusion they got their meat are out on the price. But, in nine cases out of ten, Phil's paddock acrutiny of the horse was a pure blind, and even while

he'd be gazing at that one his agents would be mooching around the ring getting down his money at the top price on something entirely different that Phil had picked out for himself.

Badly as they were lashed year in and year out by this top-notcher of all betting ring generals, there wasn't ever a man in the ring who fell for his schemes who didn't feel all the time that Phil was absolutely honest. He was so adroit in his methods that he didn't have to do anything remotely resembling crooked work. methods that he didn't have to do anything remotely resembling crooked work.

"He was simply more than a fair match for the layers, and when they got beat out by him on their own ground they might repine ever their losses, but they never beefed about the man who had inflicted the losses upon them. He could get away with things that no other plunger would dare try, because nobody ever had the ring's confidence as he had.

"I knew him to do a mighty daring thing

"I knew him to do a mighty daring thing at Morris Park one day, and yet nobody among the main line layers questioned that the thing was perfectly on the level

that the thing was perfectly on the level so far as Phil was concerned.

"Phil's old sprinter Bonner was carded to go in a six furlong dash at Morris Park. Bonner was so far the class of the race that the chalkers put him up at 1 to 2, and when Phil's people banged along and took that price for thousands they chopped to to 4.
"They knew, as everybody else did, that

"They knew, as everybody else did, that Bonner was a wretched cripple, but they didn't know—as Phil did, and he had a perfect right to keep it to himself—that Bonner was really on the point of breaking down with his bad legs. They didn't know, either, as Phil knew, that Cryptogram, a Hitchcock horse that afterward went over the sticks, was on a razor edge. The price on tan against Cryptogram was 15 to 1

the sticks, was on a razor edge. The price on tap against Cryptogram was 15 to 1.

"A separate set of Phil's commissioners gobbled up all of the Cryptogram price there was in sight after the thousands of Phil's coin had been put down on his own horse Bonner. The Bonner money had simply been sent in by Phil to make and maintain the price against the real one, Cryptogram. Cryptogram.

Cryptogram, with Tommy Burns to nurse him, won easily, and Bonner actually did break down. Now, that looked as if Phil had taken a long chance—making a price against his own horse, betting enough to win \$60,000 on the actual one in the race and then standing by alongside the rail to see his own horse break down and the live one that he'd bet thousands on win the race in a canter. If anybody else but Phil had put one like that over, there'd have been a grouch that would have reached the people grouch that would have reached the people who cause the sheets to be taken up, and it would have been universally viewed as a piece of straight out crooked work, plain case of an owner getting his horse beat.

"None of the bitten ones—I was one of them and ought to know—took that view of it at all. We doped it out exactly right that Phil's only see in the hele that time.

that Phil's only ace in the hole that time was that he perfectly well knew that Bon-ner with his legs couldn't last the race out, and the best we could do was to kick ourselves for not seeing it plainly ourselves when Bonner crawled to the post that day so sore and proppy both in front and behind that he could barely put any of his feet on

THE CALF'S HEAD OF M. SARDOU. Paris Strike Recalls a Tragedy of the Siege of Paris.

Paris. April 19 .- The threatened strike among the employees connected with the provision trade has been stirring up memories of the days when Paris was really without bread and meat, the dark days of the siege of 1870. It has recalled to M. Victories Sardou an amusing experience of his, an anecdote of Christmas Day, 1870.

The day was bitterly cold as Sardou left the battery of Moulin-Joli, on the left bank of the Seine, which had been cannonading the Germans at Argenteuil all day. He was hurrying home for a wash before going to dine at Brébaut's, then the fashionable restaurant. As he left his house a man he did not know came up and showed him with an air of great mystery a basket covered by a napkin.

"M. Sardou, I have something for you, if you are willing to give the price." "What sort of a thing? Something in the art line?" "Something much better than that:

something for your Christmas dinner." Then lowering his voice, he whispered A calf's head. Only those who lived in Paris at that time

can realize the seductive attraction of such an offer. There were only a few cows left, and those were reserved for the hospitals. Horse was getting scarce. A calf's head-it was a veritable godsend. Seeing Sardou's look of surprised in-

credulity, the man raised the napkin and showed him in the basket a fresh, delightful appetizing calf's head, eyes shut and ears erect, lying on a bed of parsley. Sardou "How much?"

"For you, M. Sardou, almost nothing-\$12, basket and all." The price in those dreary days was more than modest; it was certainly worth double the sum. Sardou didn't haggle about it, but led the way to Brébant's.

Before entering the restaurant he called the waiter who generally attended him and handed him his acquisition, bidding him speak of it to nobody. The calf's head was

not to figure on the menu, but come as a happy surprise to the diners. After a struggle with a filet of horse, After a struggle with a filet of norse, hard as a board, Sardou announced his surprise. A chorus of guesses welcomed the news. "A ham," said one. "Beef, real beef," said another. "Pickled eels." "A fat pullet with truffies," were other hopes. Then Sardou declared his discovery. "Better than any! A call" head."

"Better than any! A calf's head." Tremendous applause.

The head waiter arrived smiling and, with infinite precaution, placed on the table a large plate. Every one leaned forward greedily to have a look.

But there was nothing to see; nothing but vellow liquid, thick and greasy. "My head, you wretch! My head!" cried Sardou, enraged at the thought that some one had captured his prize. "Your head, sir," the waiter said. "There t is."
"How can that be?"

"It has melted."
The fact was that the head the great playwright had bought was made of moulded gelatine. So well was the imitation done that, as Sardou learned aftertion done that, as Sardou learned after-ward, the ingenious manufacturer had sold

THE BEAUX ARTS ROBBERIES.

Methods by Which the Late Architect M. Thomas, Looted Paris Institutions. Paris, April 19.—Further researches at the house of the late architect, M. Thomas, as well as in the libraries of the Beaux-Arts and the National Archives, have brought the number of prints, engravings and similar things stolen by him up to 2,300 and as yet the experts have not finished

their work. A peculiar circumstance has come to light which accounts in part for the liberty M. Thomas enjoyed in carrying out his thefts. It appears that he enjoyed among the library authorities a reputation for ex-

treme severity. This arose from his action some ten years ago in reprimanding the librarians could not find on the library shelves certain books which were in the catalogue. It has now been discovered that the very books he named as missing were among

books he named as missing were among those he purloined.

One use Thomas made of stolen prints was very ingenious. There are many old books whose value is small because they lack some particular feature, some plate or page. Thomas would buy such books, which can be found along the quays in numbers, would supply the missing part from one of the libraries and would sell at a high figure.

at a high figure.

Thus it has been found that he bought one book for \$8 which he completed and sold for \$100. About a dozen books were found in his house which awaited treat-

ART OF CALLING AS THE INDIANS PRACTISE IT.

he Most Exciting Way of Hunting the foose-More Dimcult New Than For merly-Mishaps That May Come to the Hunter-Behavior of Called Moose.

Copyright, 1907, by William J. Long. Midnight in the wilderness. The belated moon wheels slowly above the eastern ridge. The silver light steals swiftly down the evergreen tops, sending long black shadows preeping before it, and falls glistening and himmering across the sleeping waters of a forest lake

A moment ago the little lake lay all black and uniform, like a great well among the hills, with only glimmering starpoints to reveal its surface. Now, down in the bay below a grassy point, where the last shadows of the eastern shore are hiding from the noon, an object appears gliding like a ghost through the delicate wreaths of mist. Its side seems gray and uncertain above the water, at either end is a dark mass that, in the increasing light, takes the form of human head and shoulders. A bark canoe with two occupants is before us; but so still, so lifeless, apparently, that till now we thought it only a shadow.

There is a movement in the stern: the profound stillness is suddenly broken by a frightful roar: M-wah-uh! M-wah-uh! n-w-wa-a-a-a-a! The echoes rouse themelves swiftly and rush away confused and broken to and fro across the lake. As they die away among the hills there is a sound from the cance as if some animal were walking in shallow water—splash, splash, klop. Then silence again, that is not dead,

but listening. Half an hour passes, but not for an instant oes the listening tension of the lake relax. Then the loud bellow rings out again, startling us, and the echoes, though we were listening for it. This time the tension increases a hundredfold; every sense is strained, every muscle ready. Hardly have the echoes been lost when from far up the ridges comes a deep, sudden, ugly roar that penetrates the woods like a rifle shot. Again it comes, and nearer. Down in the cance a paddle blade touches the water noiselessly from the stern, and over the bow there is the glint of moonlight on a rifle barrel. The roar is continuous on the summit of the last low ridge.

Twigs crackle and branches snap There is the thrashing of mighty antlers in the underbrush, the pounding of heavy hoofs upon the earth, and straight down the great bull rushes like a tempost, nearer, nearer, till he bursts with tremendous crash through the last fringe of alders out upon the grassy point. And then the heavy boom of a rifle rolling across the startled lake. Such is moose calling in one of its phase -the most exciting, the most disappointing,

the most trying way of hunting this noble

The call of the cow moose, which the hunter always uses at first, is a low, appealing bellow, quite impossible to describe accurately. Before ever hearing it I had frequently asked Indians and hunters what it was like. The answers were rather insatisfactory. "Like a tree falling," said one. "Like the sudden swell of a cataract at night," said another. "Like a rifle shot. or a man shouting hoarsely," said a third; and so on, till like a menagerie at feeding time was my idea of it

One night as I sat with my friend at the door of our bark tent, eating our belated supper in tired silence, while the rush of the salmon pool near and the sigh of the night wind in the spruces were fulling us to sleep as weate, a sound suddenly filled the forest and was gone. Strangely enough we pronounced the word moose together, though neither of us had ever ard the sound before "Like a gun in better than anything else, though after hearing it many times the simile is not at all accurate This first indescribable sound is heard only early in the season. Later it is a prolonged and more definite bellow, as I have indicated it.

The answer of the bull varies with the age and temper of the animal. If he is a young ster-what your Indian calls a lil' fool moose-he tumbles headlong out of the woods apparently blowing a penny trumpet, making a ridiculously small noise for so huge a throat. If he is an old bull, and you are calling in a region where the moos have not been hunted and have little fear of men, then the answer is a hoarse, grunting roar, frightfully ugly when close at hand, and leaving no doubt as to the mood in which Umquenawis, the lord of the woods, comes to the trysting place.

Sometimes, when a bull is shy, you vary your usual programme. You have been calling for half the night; a bull has answered and approached till you could faintly hear the thrashing of his antlers, then vanished, like the echo of a sound, and for hours you have heard nothing. Suddenly, half mysteriously,out of the vastsilence of the wilderness night comes a warning. Your eyes and ears tell you nothing, absolutely nothing; indeed you have strained them so long that you cannot quite trust them; but you feel by some finer sense that somewhere just within that big, shadowy wall of woods the huge brute is near you, searching for you silent as one of the shadows."

Explain it as you will, you cannot live long in the woods without finding yourself face to face with this unknown sense. If you bellow now you will only scare the bull away, and if you wait he will go around you and get your wind. So make him forget caution by getting him mad. Instead of calling him to a mate, tell him hoarsely to keep away; that his mate is already won by another. And that is the simplest thing in the world. Put the end of your trumpet in your hat; give the short, flerce challenge of a bull and snap twigs and thrash the bushes with a club to emphasize your challenge moose fashion. Then if he answers look out. In an instant he will be closer

than you want him.

Heedless, jealous, fighting mad, he hurls himself out of the shadows like a cyclone and smashing straight in to meet his rival If you are on land and calling for fun, as I have done a score of times, you will stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once; sometimes scrambling up a tree, like a frightened squirrel, som etimes scrambling under it, like a wood rat. If you are hunting you will doubtless re-member that moonlight is poor light to shoot by, and that this is no time to lose your nerve or get stampeded. And if you are like the other hunters I have met in the woods you will casually select for your calling a thicket that has at least one good tree with conveniently low branches. As a rule, however, you may trust your Indian, who is an arrant coward, to look out for this

very carefully. The trumpet with which the calling done is simply a piece of birch bark rolled into a cone, with the smooth side within. The right hand is folded round the smaller The right hand is folded round the smaller end for a mouthpiece; into this the caller grunts and roars and bellows, at the same time swinging the trumpet's mouth in sweeping curves to imitate the peculiar quaver of the cow's call. If the bull is near and suspicious, the sound is deadened by holding the mouth of the trumpet close to the ground. This, to me, imitates the

ALL THE WORLD KILLING THEM YET MILLIONS REMAIN.

real sound more accurately than any other attempt. Formerly moces were easily called; of late they have grown timid and wary from much hunting, and it is only far back in the wilderness that one ever gets the real old fashioned article.

In illustration of the uncertainty of calling the writer remembers his first crude attempt, which was somewhat startling in its success. It was on a lake, far back from the settlements in northern New Brunswick. One evening while returning from fishing I heard the beliew of a cow mocse on a hardwood ridge above me. Along the base of the ridge stretched a bay with grassy shores, very narrow where it entered the lake, but broadening out to fifty yards and reaching back half a mile to meet a stream that came down from a smaller lake among the hills. All this I noted carefully while gliding past, for it struck me as an ideal place for moose calling. maers Not Alone Slaughtering Them-Band of Trape Set for Them Around the World-The Various Ways of Taking Them-Tons of Meat on the Wing.

LACHINE Canada, April 27 .- What ountless millions of them there must be the world!" mused a sportsman who was contemplating the spring flight northward of the ducks. "I once tried to make a computation of the number passing up from the south every year by way of Lake Champlain, the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, as they pass over Lake St. Louis I believe that in the three or four weeks of the migration period more than a hundred thousand ducks went to the breeding grounds.

gliding past, for it struck me as an idea; place for moose calling.

The next evening while fishing alone in the cold stream referred to I heard the moose again on the same ridge, and in a sudden spirit of curiosity determined to try the effect of a roar or two on her, in imitation of an old bull. I had never heard of a cow answering the call, and I had no suspicion that the bull was near.

I was not an expert caller. Under tuition of my Indian I had practised two or three times till he told me, with charming frankness, that possibly a man might mistake me for a moose if he had not heard (a) very often. So here was a chance for more prac-"Think of the thousands of miles of latitude across which the flight extends, and try to calculate the sum of the tons of choice meat which is passing through the air this month. I wonder if all the cattle of a often. So here was a chance for more prac-tice and a bit of variety. If it frightened her it would do no harm, as we were not thousand hills could furnish more, or indeed as much.

"Then next fall. I suppose at a modest calculation, treble that number comes Hunning the cance lightly ashore below where the moose had called. I peeled the bark from a young birch, rolled it into a trumpet and, standing on the grassy hank, uttered the deep grunt of a bull two or three times in quick succession. The effect was tremendous. From the summit of the outh again. It is hard to arrive at definiteness of number, because some varieties; like the whistling teal, often travel at night Others again fly so high as to be scarcely recognizable, or wabble along like the old black ducks in short flights by secluded routes, keeping well out of sight."

ridge, not two hundred yards above where I stood, the angry challenge of a bull was hurled down upon me. Then it seemed as if a steam engine were crashing full speed through the underbrush. His remarks set a companion thinking. "Do you know," said the companion In fewer seconds than it takes to write in the cance was well out into deep water lying motionless with the bow inshore. that on some of the broads or little river lakes in the east of England and in the lying motionless with the bow inshore. A moment later a huge bull plunged through the fringe of alders out upon the open bank, gritting his teeth, grunting savagely, and thrashing the bushes with his great antlers fen districts also there have been for centuries great expensively built trap cages or decoys, as they are called, where ducks have been taken in sufficient quantities as ugly a picture as one would care to maintain church parishes and support meet in the woods.

He seemed bewildered at not seeing his rival, ran swiftly along the bank, turned and came swinging back again, all the while large expensive establishments?

Running the cance lightly ashore belo

striking with his hoofs and tossing his head up and down like an angry bull.

there I was, trapped.
It was dark when I at last got out of

It was dark when I at last got out of it. To get by the ugly beast in that narrow opening was out of the question, as I found out after half an hour's trying. Just at dusk I turned the cance and paddled slowly back, and the moose, leaving his post followed as before along the bank. At the upper end of the little bay I paddled close up to the shore and waited till he ran around almost up to man hefore backing

around, almost up to me, before backing out into deep water. Splashing seemed to madden the brute, so I splashed him till in his fury he waded out deeper and deeper to strike the exasperating cance with his

forefeet or antiers. When he would follow no further I swung the canoe suddenly and headed for the opening at a racing stroke. I had a fair start before he under-stood the trick, but I never turned to see how he made the bank.

ow he made the bank.

The splash and plunge of hoofs was fear ally close behind me as the canoe sho

through the opening, and as the little bark

wung around on the open waters of the lake or a final splash and flourish of the paddle

and a yell or two of derision, there stood the bull in the inlet, still thrashing his antlers and gritting his teeth; there I left him.

GOOD FURNITURE CHEAP.

New Movement in Europe for the Improve-

ment of the Dwellings of the Poor.

of cheap but durable and attractive furni-

ture have been held. The purpose is a

double one. First, the interest of the manu

facturers is to be stimulated by the offer

of prizes and diplomas for the best outfits

the needs of various classes, from small

The second aim is to get the people them

visiting the exhibitions their ambitions

to realize that their homes can be made

attractive within the limit of their means.

The first exhibition was held at Düsseldorf

The second was at Liege. Both were suc

Then Paris took up the idea and the De

complete outfits for small apartments

combining comfort, solidity, beauty and

economy. Above all, it was enjoined that

all vulgar pretence and false luxury should

The exhibition was opened in February

There were several hundred exhibits of all

classes and more than 60,000 persons visited

it. It closed at the end of March and four

teen prizes were awarded by a jury com

posed of Senators, artists, manufacturers and an official of the Department of Labor.

Now the subject has been taken up by the Society of Popular Art and a preliminary report has been prepared looking to the cooperation of architects, hygienists and social economists in augustying the plane

social economists in supervising the plans for all cheap dwellings hereafter to be erected in the capital and also to forward

the cause of methetic furnishing by lectures

TWO LITTLE LOGGERHEADS.

Stock of Sea Turtles.

Besides the giant loggerhead turtles that have long been familiar exhibits at

the Aquarium, there are now to be seen

there two little loggerheads lately pre-

sented to it by George J. Gould, Jr., who

brought them up from New Providence

Island in the Bahamas, on his father's

The biggest of the big loggerheads here

would measure about six and a half feet from tip to tip, with its upper shell measur-

ing about five feet, while its weight is

about 400 pounds; these two interesting

little loggerheads are each about a foot

in length over all, while the upper shell

in length over all, while the upper shell of either would measure in length about eight inches. Loggerhead turtles so small as these are rarely seen here, the young loggerheads that find their way into northern waters and that are sometimes caught hereabouts commonly measuring from a foot and a half to two feet in length.

The Aquarium's big loggerheads are shown in large pools, in which, however, because of their own great size, they can move about only lumberingly; the little loggerheads, though placed in one of the Aquarium's wall banks have in it, proportionately to their size, far more space, and here the little fellows, with their top shells, in their youth, of a reddish tint, may be seen to swim about freely. But the big loggerhead is a very able swimmer with plenty of see room.

steam yacht Atalanta.

Interesting Additions to the Aquarit

be eliminated from the designs.

cessful considering the size of the places.

shopkeepers down to laborers.

tive to live in?

"Fancy a few hundred dozen a day flock ing into these slaughtering places, and ritting, gritting and uttering his hoars hallenge. Then the cause swung in th this going on for months at a time year after year. Even now, when drainage in slight current; in getting control of it again the movement attracted his attention, and he saw me for the first time. In a moment he was down the bank into shallow water the interests of agriculture has destroyed the old fens in many instances, there are great flocks of hundreds of birds to be seen, and extravagant rentals are charged for the best stands.

head up and down-like an angry bull. For-tunately the water was deep, and he did not try to swim out, for there was not a weapon of any kind in the canoe.

When I started toward the lake, after balting the bull's fury awhile by shaking the paddle and splashing water at him, he followed me along the bank, keeping up his threatening demonstrations. Down near the lake he plunged suddenly ahead before I "At Liverpool, Hull and the London narkets you may see at almost any time in the early summer huge packing boxes containing eggs of the wild fowls from well known breeding places in England or on the Continent. These boxes will contain from ten to forty gross. realized the danger, splashed out into the narrow opening in front of the cance—and

"There is one island in a Norfolk swamp where large rental is paid for the privilege of taking not more than twenty dozen eggs a day, keepers being in attendance to see that the terms of leases are not violated I don't know that anything could give one a better idea of the abundance of wild duck life than what the markets show by this traffic in their eggs."

"Excuse my breaking in," said a stalwar young fellow who was in the company, "but I am impelled to assert that India is the place above all others for ducks. I have just come in from a military station in the great indigo growing section near the foothills of the Himalayas. "There we had regular duckeries. Tha

is, large houses were built, generally partly over water, where wild ducks of many varieties were always kept on hand and fattened in prodigious numbers. Supplies were obtained not by breed

ng but by purchase from hunters, who take them in wide wicker cages, into which the brood are led by trained decoy ducks Sometimes, we were told, nets were used instead. We noticed that some of the hunters used bright lights at night, dazzling the birds so that nets might be passed over them.

"The men belong to a caste which has been engaged in nothing but catching ducks ings of the poor has reached a secondary stage in Europe in taking up the question alive for countless generations. Most of tasteful furnishing. Of what use is it of the birds they bring in are drakes, so to give a family a sanitary house, the leaders ask, if you do not help to make it attracthat there may be a better idea of game preservation among them than would be imagined from the wholesale character To further this object several exhibitions of their dealing.

"It does sound incredible here, but we usually paid only eighteen cents a hundred for the ducks, and got all we wanted of them. The flavor of the waterfowl is exquisite, as they are great robbers the rice plantations.

offered at certain standard prices to suit "Yes, the shooting is good if you can get it. But the trouble is that you are obliged to have guides of the professional hunting caste and these are not anxious selves interested. It is hoped that by to have the best rallying places ruined by will be excited and they will be brought the noise of guns.

"Then they may belong to the class which does not believe in destroying animal life though they do not mind taking the birds alive. Nor will they object to being paid for rowing or leading one about all day though they may all the time be taking special pains to prevent your shooting anything."

"On the Zanzibar coast last November I was particularly struck at the number. partmental Committee on Cheap Habitations was placed in charge. The circulars to manufacturers invited them to send in

I was particularly struck at the numbers of ducks," said the first speaker. "There was one large gray, shovel billed kind which was new to me, the drake sporting a regular harlequin headdress of scarlet

a regular harlequin headdress of scarlet and yellow.

"It must be a prolific variety, for there were thousands of them. Like the sheldrake they are said to make their nests inland on sandy hillsides, where they can find deserted rabbit holes to live in.

"There were droves of our common varieties and it did appear curious to see the pied duck, the redhead, the teal, the widgeon and other American sorts swimming about in the strange African environment. The natives are a povertystricken lot generally and have to depend upon their wits instead of gunpowder if they want to get ducks.

"As I saw them on one large river their plan is to begin by floating down big hollow pumpkinlike gourds among the rafts of birds. Of course the ducks make a fuss at first, but after a bit they let the yellow things bump about among them without taking much rotice.

things bump about among them withou taking much notice.

Then a native cuts eyeholes in one of the Inen a native cuts eyeholes in one of the pumpkins, as the boys do at Hallowe'en time, and at the bottom hollows it out to go over his head. All he has to do then is to wade, float or quietly swim into the midst of the flock, pull down the birds, break their necks and stuff them into the grass fibre net fastened to his girdle.

"Sometimes logs are floated down instead of pumpkins, and then the men hide themselves under their rude dugout beats."

selves under their rude dugout boats, floating bottom side up. In one place we saw a curious great shield of loose network, made of the useful esperto fibre, which lies in the water until a signal is given, when it

in the water until a signal is given, when it is raised by means of ropes and the frightened ducks fly into it.

"Tons upon tons of ducks are taken in such simple ways on the western slope of the Dark Continent, for there is not a stream or lake where they are not to be found at the right season. It is not uncommon to run across large schooners loaded to the water's edge with dead birds being taken to market at some of the villages."

"Now in Japan," remarked the military man, "they manage to get a lot of peculiar though first rate sport out of the great droves of ducks found there. Falconry is still practised by some of the great nobles.

"But what struck me as strange about that was the fact that each of the little hawks used was tethered to the falconer by

that was the fact that each of the little hawks used was tethered to the falconer by a long roll of silk, so wonderfully woven that though strong enough to hold such a strong flyer it was so light as not to hinder his flight, and was fine enough to permit of its being wound up into a surprisingly small but loose ball. Some of the flights must have been 200 yards long at least.

"The falcons did no soaring, however.

Taking them with being hauled in.

"Taking them with hand note as they
fy is the best fun, though. It is expensive
business, or would be, where wages are
more than a few cents a day.

"The big droves are first led by scattered
grain, or by rice specially planted for the
purpose, into a lake, usually artificially
made, I imagine. At one end this narrows
into a little brook, leading to another body
of water.

"The banks are rather high, and either walled or thicking wooded. Along this narrow place and just around artfully constructed bends, the hunters are stationed, with long handled landing nets in their

structed bends, the nunters are stationed, with long handled landing nets in their hands.

"Decoy ducks splendidly trained first lead the great flocks into the narrow place. Then the head huntsman uses a bird clapper, or bugle, behind the birds, and all but the decoys at once fly off down the opening, toward the inner lake.

"The trick is to sweep in the flying ducks, and turn the net so as to hold them secure, until they can be brought to the ground and killed by an attendant. It is exciting work, and it is wonderful to see the adroit manner in which the experienced men literally bag their game.

"The youngsters of the Flowery Kingdom have their own little ways of getting the ducks. They will tie strings around tempting baits and fasten the other end securely on shore, while leaving the little fish, frogs or other baits in the water at the feeding places of the ducks. The string gets mixed up with the internal arrangements off the ducks which swallow the baits, and just before sunrise their captors drag them in.

"Sometimes the baits are simply tied together and laid on shore. Then next morning before the birds can perfect their com-

gether and laid on shore. Then next morning, before the birds can perfect their com-

gether and laid on shore. Then hext morning, before the birds can perfect their combinations and fly away concertedly, the lads will be alongside the water with their dogs or act as retrievers themselves in picking up the poor confused things thus fastened together.

"Now," said the sportsman who started the talk, "just think of all the Spitzbergen folk barrelling their year's supplies of duck meat, the Norwegians shipping large cargoes of ducks in cold storage to European capitals, the North Pacific and Hudson Bay Indians smoking supplies for their whole tribes every year, and add these facts to what we three know by actual experience, and tell me if you think I am far wrong when I claim that the wild duck is the commonest bird in the world to-day.

"Then, in the next place, who can help me to an estimate of the number of thousands of tons of meat which flies through the air every springtime and autumn?"

SEQUEL TO THE WAR OF 1776 Plat Neighbors Get Together-May Mea Trouble for Janitor. A sequel to the American Revolution being worked out in a street in the Nineties and it may mean trouble for the janitor of

flathouse. It is a long stretch from Lexington and Concord and Yorktown to little old Manhattan, but it has been covered. Two families had been living just acros the hall from each other for the last two years. As apartment life in New York goes these two might have lived contiguously for many years without so much as wordless recognition, if it hadn't been for a stubborn landlord and a janitor who thinks

the Holland dikes. The women of the two families began casual acquaintance by exchanging views touchin' on and appertainin' to" the janitor. These casual exchanges of opinion warmed into an acquaintance which was still limited to the corridors.

A few days ago the neighbors made a dis covery, which only goes to show that apartment life in a great city is full of interesting information awaiting the psychological moment. The occupant of one flat called at the door across the way and asked he meignoor to witness a signature to a docu-ment. The request was complied with. The witness signed her full name. The middle name is her grandfather's. The document was handed back. Then the

first woman said: You will pardon my curiosity, but the "You win partion my curiosity, but the middle name of your signature is so familiar to me that I want to ask you about it."
"The name is that of my grandfather," was the reply. "I have always used it, before and since my marriage."
"That was the maiden name of my hus-

"My grandfather lived in Mass replied the neighbor, who also gave the name of the town. "Why, that is in the same part of the State in which my husband's people lived."
"My grand ather was a soldier in the War
of the Revolution."

"My husband had relatives who were in "My hushand had relatives who were in the same war."

"My grandfather was at the laying of the cornerstone of Bunker Hill monument."

That evening the husband of the woman who had her signature attested was intro-duced in the other apartment. There was a sort of family reunion which ran far

was a sort of family reunion which ran far into the night.

Before the reunion was adjourned the subject of landlord and janitor was referred to. If the janitor loses his job suddenly, for it is liable to occur on that sort of schedule, he will probably never know that the War of the Revolution, which drove King George's last army out of this country. had a sequel which caused a Dutchman to

PERUVIAN ARMY MOBILIZED. French Officers Who Have Reorganized It Conduct Field Exercises.

For the last ten years or so ten French army officers and four non-commissioned officers have been reorganizing the Peruvian army, and a general mobilization was recently carried out with an efficiency that would have done credit to any European

The head of the reorganizing commission is Commandant Paul Clément, and his work has covered every detail of military life. He has devised new uniforms for all the corps closely resembling those of the French army.

Modern weapons of all grades have been procured. The officers have been put through rigid courses of instruction and the men thoroughly drilled. The mobilization and field exercises were

held in the valley of Jauja, at a height of more than 11,000 feet above sea level. The troops were transported to Huari by rail and marched the rest of the distance.

rail and marched the rest of the distance, some thirty miles, through a mountain country of the wildest character. All the provisions and supplies were transported on mule back and only the lightest artillery, the mountain batteries, were taken.

A reserve body recruited among the Indians took part in the manœuvres. It was the first time they had been called out. They were all dressed in the poncho and wide straw hat, but they showed great aptitude, and the official report says that after the three weeks during which the drills lasted they were as proficient in all essential movements as the regulars. The military training school is at Chorillos. The regular army consists of 4,000 men. The size of the reserve is not

NEW AQUARIUM EXHIBITS.

Fresh Water Fishes From Various Sources That Came by Way of Boston. The Aquarium's stock of fresh water fishes has lately been augmented by the receipt of about 200 specimens large and small, which had been exhibited at the Sportsmen's Show, recently closed, in Boston, and were presented to the New

York Aquarium by the New England Forest, Fish and Game Association. The lot included brook trout, brook suckers, burbot, quillback, redhorse, yellow suckers, burdor, quindack, redhorse, yellow catfish, channel cat, goldfish, yellow perch, sanger pike, pike perch, carp, mudfish, bullheads, eels, shorteared sunfish, rock bass and mud puppies, these various fishes having come originally chiefly from Western waters, though the trout, among which are five specimens ranging from two to two and a half pounds in weight, came from Maine.

PROBLEM THAT CONFRONTS PLAY-ERS AT SEASON'S OPENING.

hether to Bant or to Eat Freely a Mooted Point-Odds Seem to Favor Consumers of Hearty Vlands-Violent Extremes

From Ordinary Regimen Unwino What food shall a golfer eat to play at his best? It is a question that is puzzling more than one player now that the tournanent season has opened. More than one local tournament has been won by a player who has haunted the lobster palaces until 2 A. M. each day of the contest and presumably trained on toasted cheese and hampagne. To the contrary, more than one lost match has been blamed to a too heavy breakfast or luncheon. Who shall

decide on this vexing question? Location has something to do with it On the Northern links there are now asembled a host of golfers who have wintered at resort courses, where "three squares" and incidental snacks are part of the day's golfing. In Florida and southern California they have been eating fresh strawberries and spring lamb for three months, and arriving in the North they find these succulent viands just coming. into season to further tempt the appetite. The prizes, so far as may be learned, have only been won by the golfers who have been as faithful to the trenchers as to the links. There is no record of a golfer winning who has forsaken the table, and with the abnegation of a hermit lived on toast and water as a preparation to his golf.

The Northerners, forced throughout the winter to lusty foods of the season and spiced at formal dinners by speeches that ad to be listened to, have shown no advantage in point of training to the soourners at the Southern resorts, who have been dallying with the tempting luxuries of the hotel tables. The travellers have returned not enervated but refreshed by their high living. But for the change from sanded to turf putting greens, indeed, the resort players would have most effectually wiped out the stay-at-homes. a downfall for which the eye and touch must be blamed and not the stomach. It seems true that in golf a generous diet is the best system of training, however heretical this may be on the cinder path, the gridiron or in a racing shell.

gridiron or in a racing shell.

There is still a supposition quite general that a light diet improves one's chances in an athletic contest. Do we not remember the spartan diet of Tom Brown at the meal before his great fight at Rugby? But at golf the prize goes most often to the hearty eater, for the trudging and whacking over a four mile stretch of courtry cannot be kept up on a concentrated food biscuit. It would be different of course, in a violent and brief burst of exertion, as in a fight or a match at tennis or course, in a violent and brief burst or exertion, as in a fight or a match at tennis or racquets. A delightful story of a brain-storm realization of the fallacy of the sparse diet in golf is told by Sir Edgar Vincent, winner of the English Parliamentary handiand speaks as they think and speak along cap of 1905, in the recollections of his early

golfing.
"A few years ago I was golfing in East "A few years ago I was going it base. Lothian and I picked up three other players for a four ball foursome at Muirfield." says Sir Vincent "One of the opposition of the oppos says Sir Vincent "One of the opposition was a certain strong player, who shall be nameless. On the morning of the first day the match was halved, and in the afternoon we again halved the same foursome. This was interesting, so we arranged to plavit again the next morning, and lo! another half was the result. The struggle for supremacy thus became very intense, and we went in to lunch on this second day feeling as keen as golfers can be. Now, when I saw the strong man on the other side settling himself down to the most ample repast, with a bottle of champagne included, I past, with a bottle of champagne included, I vainly flattered myself that in the course of the next two or three hours the honors of this great foursome would inevitably

"But there was a sad disillusionment forthcoming. From the time when we teed the first ball in the afternoon until the end of the match, which came all too quickly he who had done himself so well was quite irresistible and played the game of his life! For the first few holes he made bogey look ridiculous, and indeed at one time he seemed as if he might beat the record of the course. By the time the turn was reached the game had resolved itself into a mere procession, and the end came almost immediately afterward, our side being hopelessly beaten. The champion of the day was a Scot. Sydney Smith once said that it needed a corkscrew to get a joke into the head of a Scot, and that day I came to the conclusion that the same implement was necessary to get the best game out of a Scottish golfer."

In that early guide to the rigors of the

In that early guide to the rigors of the game, Horace Hutchinson's "Eadminton" book on golf, there is an illustration of "the man to back." It is of a golfer sitting amid the serenity of self-confidence, eating a beefsteak and draining a good half bottle of wine just before entering upon a hard of wine just before entering upon a hard match. Whether or not he is likely to play worse after lunch than before does not appear to affect him in the least. A person who had never heard of "Fadminton" or of the golfing principle to eat as an insurance of motor power, to wit the steward of the Atlantic City Country Club, gave an unexpected indorsement to Hutchinson's favorite on the day when Walter Travis and Findlay Douglas met in the semifinal of the national championship there in 1901. It was a foregone conclusion that whoever won this match would win the title. Travis stood 2 up for the morning and for luncheon ordered a special sirloin steak and a pot of tea, while Douglas

morning and for luncheon ordered a special sirloin steak and a pot of tea, while Douglas who is of a more nervous temperament ate cold meat and took a highball.

"The big eater for me." said the steward "I know nothing of golf, but I'll make a bet that Travis wins out."

It was a close call, for Travis only won on the thirty-eighth hole; yet the result was a confirmation of the steward's choice. To eat in one's normal vein would seem to be the proper guide in golf, for there is as much danger to stinting the menu as in an indulgence that is unusual. To quote from a writer in the Field:

"The true gospel of how to play consistently good golf is not to attempt to make a radical change in the established system of dietary and training. Even the professionals themselves recognize this and

professionals themselves recognize this; and their word of warning, considering that their livelihood depends upon the evenness of their playing form spread over a long period, ought to carry more weight than any attempts to establish the same principle by abstract theorizing. On one occasion, Andrew Kirkaldy heard with surprise that Taylor was unwell. "What!" he exclaimed. "Taylor ill? He neither smokes nor drinks." Here Andrew had only two possible solutions of a brother professional suffering from more than a passing headache unfitting him for temporarily playing the game. professionals themselves recognize this: and

the professional, as a rule, is wiser than the general body of more enlightened amateurs. He does not change his mode of amateurs. He does not change his mode of eating and drinking: he attains the end that eating and drinking: he attains the end that is sought to be secured by doctoring, by laying his clubs aside and refraining from play for a time. When he next plays in an important match, the professional, by means of a brief rest, comes back to the game with freshened eve and muscles, and as a rule he plays brilliantly.

"Those who urge, for example, that smoking is prejudicial to good golf should note the case of Vardon. Some years ago, at any rate, the pipe was nearly constantly in

the case of Vardon. Some years ago, at any rate, the pipe was nearly constantly in Vardon's mouth, except when he was engaged in a match; and if there be truth in the generally accepted theory that tobacco is harmful to accuracy of play, those who make this allegation cannot prove a more signal instance of the disproy of their theory that the case of Vardon. Other professionals are doubtless in the same category. They smoke less or more and eat and drink in moderation, but it is probable that whatever the system of dietary that whatever the system of dietary adopted by them, it has not been force upon them by any fancied exigenices of the game needing special training, but by what they find experience has shown to be essen-tially needful in the general interests of sound physical health.